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## THE LAST HOURS OF DR. JOSEPH PRIESTLEY.

"THE greatest happiness to the greatest number is the only just purpose of government:" "It was by reading this sentiment in a work of Priestley's," said Jeremy Bentham, "I have been enabled to lay down my theories of government." Dr. Priestley was one of the most useful and at the same time one of the most vilified men of the last century. He poured light into almost every department of human science. His deep and lasting anxiety was the happiness of all mankind. He wrote one hundred and forty-nine different treatises, some of them of a most voluminous character. As a philosopher, the highest merit is attached to him for discovery: as a student of the Bible and a minister of religion he has had few equals. No man ever contended more earnestly, and, we think history will ultimately prove, more successfully, for the faith once delivered to the saints. Faithful as he was to the pursuit of truth, he constantly reminded his friends "that a Christian spirit was of more value than Christian truth." "To discover truth is professedly the aim of us all. Let us pursue the path that seems the most likely to lead to her abode, with ardour but not with animosity, and if we have been convinced that we have been happy enough to find her, let us not insult those who in our estimation may have been less successful." This is the portrait of the man, philosopher and Christian, in his own words, the most successful and the most humble of men. Driven to America, there he died. Let us for a moment look on the last hours of this great, good man.

The day before his death he felt his end was very near, and as he might never see his little grandchildren in this

world again, they were brought in, and all kneeled by his bedside and said their prayers. He said this gave him much pleasure; then he gave them all his blessing, spoke to each of them, repeated a few lines of hymns they knew, bid them be kind to one another when he was gone. "I am going to sleep as well as you, and we shall all meet again." He expressed himself so grateful in being permitted to die so quietly in his family, without pain and with every convenience he could wish for. He dwelt upon the peculiarly happy situation in which God had placed him, the acquaintances and friendships he had formed and enjoyed with the wisest and best of men, and the satisfaction he then felt from having led a useful and a happy life. The daily reading of the Bible had been to him a constant source of instruction and pleasure. He referred to his views of a future life, and the comfort he then derived from the thought that "we shall all meet finally: we require different degrees of discipline to prepare us for final happiness." He talked much about the future state affording an ample field for all our faculties. His son-in-law, Mr. Cooper, read to him portions out of the Gospels. A pamphlet he had not finished he wished to finish with his last remaining strength. Mr. C. took down the substance of what he said, and then read it to him. Dr. Priestley said it was not put down in his own words, and desired to have it done so. He then repeated over again, nearly word for word, what he had said before. As soon as it was read again he said, "That is right; I have now done." He desired to be removed and his head raised a little more; and a few minutes from finishing his last work, he put his hand over his face and gently breathed his last. He ceased the same hour to work and live.



## THE FERRY-MAN'S DAUGHTER.

IN the British Museum is a singularly curious, although partly fabulous, tract of 30 pages, entitled the "The True History of the Life and sudden Death of old John Overs, the rich Ferry-man of London, shewing how he lost his Life by his own Covetousness. And of his Daughter Mary, who caused the Church of St. Mary Overs in Southwark to be built; and of the Building of London Bridge." The History opens as follows: "Before there was any Bridge at all built over the Thames, there was only a Ferry, to which divers boats belonged, to transport all passengers betwixt Southwark and Church-yard Alley, that being the high-road way betwixt Middlesex and Sussex and London. The Ferry was rented of the City, by one John Overs, which he enjoyed for many years together, to his great profit; for it is to be imagined that no small benefit could arise from the ferrying over footmen, horsemen, all manner of cattle, all market folks that came with provisions to the City, strangers and others."

Overs, however, though he kept several servants and apprentices, was of so covetous a soul, that notwithstanding he possessed an estate equal to that of the best Alderman in London, acquired by unceasing labour, frugality and usury, yet his habit and dwelling were both strangely expressive of the most miserable poverty. He had an only daughter, "of a beautiful aspect," says the tract, "and a pious disposition; whom he had care to see well and liberally educated, though at the cheapest rate; and yet so, that when she grew ripe and mature for marriage, he would suffer no man of what condition or quality soever, by his goodwill, to have any sight of her, much less access to her." A young gallant, however, who seems to have thought more of being the Ferry-man's heir than his son-in-law, took opportunity, while he was engaged at the Ferry, to be admitted into her company. "The first interview," says the story, "pleased well; the second better; the third concluded the match between them."

"In all this long interim, the poor silly rich old Ferry-man, not dreaming of any such passages, but thinking all things to be as secure by land as he knew

they were by water," continued his former wretched and penurious course of life. To save the expense of one day's food in his family, he formed a scheme to feign himself dead for twenty-four hours, in the vain expectation that his servants would, out of propriety, fast until after his funeral. Having procured his daughter to consent to this plot even against her better nature, he was put into a sheet, and stretched out in his chamber, having one taper burning at his head and another at his feet, according to the custom of the time. When, however, his servants were informed of his decease, instead of lamenting they were overjoyed, and having danced round the body, they broke open his larder and fell to banqueting. The Ferry-man bore all this as long and as much like a dead man as he was able; "but when he could endure it no longer," says the tract, "stirring and struggling in his sheet, like a ghost, with a candle in each hand, he purposed to rise up, and rate 'em for their sauciness and boldness; when one of them thinking that the Devil was about to rise in his likeness, being in a great amaze, caught hold of the butt-end of a broken oar, which was in the chamber, and being a sturdy knave, thinking to kill the Devil at the first blow, actually struck out his brains." It is added that the servant was acquitted, and the Ferry-man made accessory and cause of his own death.

The estate of Overs then fell to his daughter, and her lover hearing of it hastened up from the country; but in riding post his horse stumbled, and he broke his neck on the highway. The young heiress was almost distracted at these events, and was recalled to her faculties only by having to provide for her father's interment; for he was not permitted to have a Christian burial, being considered as an excommunicated man, on account of his extortions, usury, and truly miserable life. The Friars of Bermondsey Abbey were, however, prevailed upon by money, their Abbot then away, to give a little earth to the remains of the wretched Ferry-man. But upon the Abbot's return observing a grave which had been recently covered in, and learning who lay there, he was not only angry with his monks for having



done such an injury to the Church for the sake of gain, but he also had the body taken up again, laid on the back of his own ass, and turning the animal out of the Abbey gates, desired of God that he might carry him to some place where he best deserved to be buried. The ass proceeded with a gentle and solemn pace through Kent Street, and along the highway to the small pond once called St. Thomas a Waterings, then the common place of execution, and shook off the Ferry-man's body directly under the gibbet, where it was put into the ground without any kind of ceremony.

Mary Overs, extremely distressed by such a battalion of sorrows, and desirous to be free from the importunities of the numerous suitors for her hand and fortune, resolved to retire into a cloister, which she shortly afterward did, having first provided for the building of that church which commemorates her name.

#### HOW TO DEAL WITH UNITARIANS.

1. Never, upon any pretence whatever, allow yourself to keep the company of a Unitarian, or shew yourself friendly towards him.

2. Never read any books, tracts, or other publications, issued by him, or by his fellow-unbelievers.

3. Should you happen, at any time, by the merest chance, to read anything written by Unitarians, do not allow yourself to receive the natural impressions which the words might convey. On the contrary, try to extort from the words some meaning as much adverse to the writer as possible.

4. Should you happen to hear, or read, any words of a Unitarian which appear, upon the surface, to be true and good, do not allow yourself to be led into the belief of them, but always think that a very bad meaning lies beneath them, whether you can see it or not.

5. In quoting from Unitarian works, quote only such portions as are favourable to your own opinions, or as you think might be made to tell against Unitarians.

6. Do not allow, for one moment, that a Unitarian is, or can be, entitled to the Christian name, or to Christian fellowship.

7. Should a Unitarian die, try to get

up a report to the effect that he died a horrible death, or that he recanted at the last moment.

7. When Unitarians tell you that they believe in Jesus Christ, as the Son of God and the Saviour of the world, do not believe them: be quite sure that in saying so, they are uttering untruths, with an express intention to mislead you.

9. Whenever you have an opportunity, repeat the tale that the Unitarians have a Bible of their own, which differs essentially from that in common use.

10. If you hear a report prejudicial to the character of a Unitarian, and especially of a Unitarian minister, do all you can to spread it, whether it be true or false, and make such additions to it as may serve to make the matter one of horror and disgrace.

11. Receive it as an undoubted truth that Unitarians are Infidels, that they wish to upset the Bible, that they deny Christ, and that they expect to be saved solely on account of their works.

12. Make each individual Unitarian responsible for all and everything that any and every Unitarian, at any time, may have said, or written, or done; and should the injustice of such a course suggest itself to your mind, do not let that suggestion trouble you, or in any way hinder you in your work of injustice.

13. Believe all the bad you can of Unitarians, and on no account be betrayed into believing anything good of them or of their creed.

14. Look upon all Unitarians as unconverted people, whose moral conduct may be pretty good, and whose intelligence need not be called in question, but who are worldly-minded, and who know nothing of "God's grace in their hearts."

15. As Unitarians and their opinions ought to be put down, and must be put down, try all means to compass that end, and do not let any scruples of conscience hinder you from using any means, however unfair and unjust they may be.

Finally, look upon all Unitarians as your "natural enemies," who are to be dreaded and shunned more than Roman Catholics, Mormons, Deists, or even Atheists: and always feel that it is better, far better, to be an Atheist "out and out," than to be a Unitarian.

F. R. Young.



## STEER STRAIGHT FOR ME.

A FISHERMAN was accustomed to go out in his boat with his family and spend a day at a distance from the shore. As there were frequent fogs, one of the number was usually left at home to ring a bell as a signal. On one occasion a little son remained on shore. During the day, a thick fog settled down upon the water, and the fishers attempted to reach the land, but the mist grew deeper and darker, and after rowing vainly in all directions, despair had nearly suspended their efforts. Just then a little voice came through the darkness, "Father! steer straight for me, father, and you will get home!" The father renewed his efforts, and by steering in the direction of the oft-repeated call, reached the desired haven. Not long after, the little lad was taken away by death. The father, having no hope in this life or that which is to come, was filled with despondency. Clouds, mists and darkness, seemed to close in around him on every side. While thus situated, he seemed to hear from heavenward, "Father! steer straight for me, father, and you will get home." He obeyed the admonition, and turned his frail bark, tossed upon life's boisterous billows, towards the haven of eternal rest. So, it is probable, our little ones are taken away to that higher sphere, whence we may mentally hear their cherub voices calling, "Father, Mother, steer straight toward me, and you'll get home."

## PIETY.

PIETY is a right state of our human feelings and affections toward God. Faith is an affectionate confidence in God; but piety is love and reverence for Him, existing in the soul in connection with faith. Jesus of Nazareth possessed perfect piety to God. Next to the Master, in the scale of love, reverence and devotion, as he appears to our mind, stands the beloved disciple John. Hear him saying, "We love God because he first loved us." "Behold what manner of love the Father has bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God. Beloved, now are we the sons of God. Let us love one another, for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that

loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love. In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only-begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son, the mercy-seat for our sins. Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another."

This is the manifestation of a pious, devoted heart, consecrated to the divine nature and service. It breathes the spirit of God, the very air of heaven. It is love to God under a feeling, realizing sense of his goodness, love, purity or holiness. If it is not a perfectly pure state of the feelings and affections, it is a large attainment in this direction, and a pure desire to attain to perfect love to God and man.

The pious heart not only trusts and confides in God, but delights in his nature, and reverences, adores and worships Him, as He is manifested in his works and in words. It praises and blesses Him for his goodness and grace, and bows before Him in adversity with reliance and submission.

Piety and morality united in one person constitute the truly religious man, and both of these, existing in and forming one entire character, constitute the perfect man. But, alas! there are none perfect on earth, because there are none who are perfect in piety and perfect in moral principle and duty. At least, we have no knowledge of any whose moral and religious principles, feelings, character and conduct, are entirely perfect; still we ought to strive to be as nearly perfect as we can.

It is of the highest importance that we should possess the true vitality of spiritual life in our souls—love, reverence and devotion to God, and kindness and faithfulness to our fellow-beings.

Let our hearts seek for improvement in piety by sincere prayer at the throne of the Heavenly Grace. Let us fully believe that "our Father who art in heaven" is more willing and ready to give his Holy Spirit to them that ask Him, than good earthly parents are to bestow blessings on the dear children of their love and care. Prayer and faith are the mainspring of all right action in the soul.



## MRS. BARBAULD.

LESS is known of the personal history and admirable character of this distinguished woman than is, for our own growth in true piety and goodness, desirable. A grace and a virtue come from communion with good men and women whom it is our privilege to know, either in the circle of living friends or in the records of history; and to few of either sex do many of us owe so much of what is deepest and tenderest in our religious experience as to Anna Lætitia Barbauld. Her name is indeed familiar in many quarters, where her *Prose Hymns* and *Early Lessons* are valued as the very best manuals for the young; but who the writer of those popular works was, when she lived, who were her contemporaries, to what denomination she belonged, or what was the story of her life,—these are questions which very few could answer. We here propose to supply the desired facts so far as our readers are concerned, and if the perusal of our brief sketch gives only half the interest and pleasure to them which the writing of it has afforded to ourselves, we shall be much gratified.

Anna Lætitia Aikin (Mrs. Barbauld) was born at the village of Kibworth Harcourt, in Leicestershire, on the 20th of June, 1743. Her father, Dr. John Aikin, was on the paternal side of Scotch descent, but had been born in London. He was intended for a business life, but a taste for study early manifesting itself, he was placed as a pupil, and subsequently became an assistant, in Dr. Doddridge's academy at Northampton. Her mother was Miss Jennings, daughter of the Rev. John Jennings, tutor and predecessor of Dr. Doddridge. From these circumstances it is evident that Miss Aikin must in early life have been much in the society of that eminent divine, and have participated largely in the training and influence, moral and religious, of which he was the centre. Her taste for literature seems to have been hereditary; her father's reputation for scholarship, among the Dissenting community at least, was considerable; his school at Kibworth flourished; and amongst his pupils may be named Mr. Cappe, of York, and Dr. Cogan, well known as the writer of an admirable Letter to Mr. Wilberforce on

the Doctrine of Hereditary Depravity. It is pleasant to note the contemporaries of literary persons, and at the date (1743) of Miss Aikin's birth, Samuel (Dr.) Johnson was laboriously toiling into fame as a Grub-Street hack, at the age of 34; Goldsmith was an awkward lad of 15, already noted for his oddity and good-nature; and Priestley a little school-boy of 10; Doddridge, aged 41, was in the maturity of his useful career at Northampton; and Dr. Watts, now a venerable man, was spending the evening of his tranquil life in the family of his kind friends the Abneys at Abney Park. Addison had already become a classic, and of course Shakespeare, Milton, Bunyan, Dryden, &c., were familiar as household words; but many of the great names associated with the history of the last century were yet in obscurity. The elder Pitt (Lord Chatham) was a young statesman of liberal sentiments, only beginning to measure his strength against Walpole; Charles James Fox was not yet born; Gibbon was but a child; Hume was 32; Edmund Burke was preparing to enter Trinity College, Dublin; and Dean Swift had fallen into a state of pitiable mental aberration, and died two years after (in 1745). These were a few of the immediate predecessors or distinguished contemporaries of Mrs. Barbauld, whose public acts she would discuss, whose writings she would enjoy; and in the temple of honourable fame where their niches are placed, her own pedestal may fill no unworthy corner.

The secluded village of Kibworth did not present much of special interest to the children of Dr. Aikin; but when his daughter had attained the age of fifteen, he was chosen to fill the office of Classical Tutor in the Warrington Academy, at that time the principal seminary of the English Presbyterian ministry. The literary atmosphere of Warrington was then very different from what it has been since the great manufacturing trade of Lancashire has sprung up; and the society which comprised the families of Dr. Enfield, Dr. Priestley, Dr. Aikin, and others eminent in science and the arts, must have exercised a due influence in awakening and directing the minds of its junior members. The fifteen years which succeeded the removal to Warrington "comprehended probably," writes Miss Lucy



Aikin in the Memoir of her aunt prefixed to the two volumes of her Works published in 1825, "the happiest as well as the most brilliant portion of her existence. She was at this time possessed of great beauty, distinct traces of which she retained to the latest period of her life. Her person was slender, her complexion exquisitely fair, with the bloom of perfect health; her features were regular and elegant, and her dark blue eyes beamed with the light of wit and fancy."

Such was Miss Aikin at the age of thirty, an accomplished, attractive woman; of a disposition somewhat reserved and retiring; of upright principles carefully cultivated; of superior talents, and a sweet, amiable temper. About this time a selection of her Poems was published, which speedily ran through four editions, and at once established her reputation. In another year, 1773, a second volume appeared, under the title of "Miscellaneous Pieces in Prose, by J. and A. L. Aikin;" her brother, and literary friend through life, having jointly contributed some papers, but no effort was made to distinguish the productions of either writer. An event, however, of even greater importance to Miss Aikin than the publication of a book was coming on the carpet. Marriage is the appointment and wise dictate of nature, commendable to either sex, whether richly dowered or of the humblest place, and generally necessary for the due development of the character of either man or woman. It would be matter of surprise if a young lady of the wit, beauty and position of Miss Aikin did not leave an impression on the susceptible hearts of young men attending the Warrington Academy, and who, we may assume, as a relief from their severer studies, were occasionally admitted into her society. Among those who we may presume sought to become agreeable in her eyes, her preference was given to Rochemont Barbauld, one of her father's pupils. He was the son of a clergyman, and was destined for the Church, but was sent for his preliminary education, according to a custom not uncommon at the period, and arising out of the high reputation for scholarship which the Dissenters enjoyed, to the Academy at Warrington. He was descended from a family of French Protestant refugees

who had settled in England during the persecutions of Louis XIV., and had furnished pastors for five or six generations to the Reformed Church; he was himself born at Hesse Cassel, where his father for a time filled the office of chaplain to the Electress of Hesse, one of the daughters of George II. Young Barbauld, though somewhat eclipsed by the more gifted woman who became his wife, was in many respects no common man, and was worthy of the true wifely devotion she brought him. He seems to have been a person of great singleness of mind, honour, cultivation, unselfishness, and not deficient as a preacher. At Warrington he imbibed principles which rendered the ministry of the Church impossible to him; and being without fortune, with no prospect beyond the humble career of a tutor or preacher amongst Nonconformists, we can easily suppose that the obstacles to a union with Miss Aikin were matters of long and anxious consideration to both—another illustration of the old familiar proverb about the course of true love,

Their marriage took place in 1774, when they settled at Palgrave, near Diss, in Norfolk. Here, in addition to the pastoral oversight of a small respectable congregation, they opened a school, which soon became famous, and which during the eleven years of its existence numbered amongst its pupils names that would confer lustre on any institution. Among them may be mentioned William Taylor, of Norwich, Dr. Sayers, the late Lord Denman, Sir William Gell, Basil Lord Daer, the Earl of Selkirk, two sons of Lord Templetown, and others. To their early instruction, especially to the awakening of their religious affections and a taste for literature, did Mrs. Barbauld devote herself with rare ability and success; and some of them, with pride and affection throughout the whole of life, acknowledged their obligations to her as the "mother of their minds." It was at Palgrave she wrote her Hymns in Prose for Children, with the object, as stated in the Preface, of "awakening devotional feelings as early as possible"—"to impress them, by connecting religion with a variety of sensible objects, with all that the child sees, all that he hears, all that affects his young mind with wonder and delight, and thus, by



deep, strong and permanent associations, to lay the best foundation for practical devotion in future life." Numbers have been profited by this admirable little work; and happy would it be for the world if parents were more generally careful to train up their children in the simple, cheerful, rational and practical piety it inculcates. At Palgrave also were composed, for the benefit of her adopted little "Charley," the son of her only brother, Dr. Aikin, those well-known Early Lessons which can hardly be surpassed for their admirable simplicity and interest, and which have been regarded as in a measure revolutionizing the whole art of early instruction. Mrs. Barbauld was not one of those who would subject children to a dry, wearisome, mechanical drill, which deadens rather than quickens the nascent powers of the mind, but with the insight of genius she could enter into their feelings, and make their gravest instruction healthful and joyous to them.

But school or domestic duties, engrossing though they might be, did not absorb the whole of Mrs. Barbauld's attention. With the patriotic and religious principles she inherited, and that warm interest in public affairs amid which she had grown up, it was impossible to be a mere passive spectator of the stirring events that marked her day, as the American War and the French Revolution. In every movement towards the advancement of liberty or true Protestantism, or towards the removal of odious disabilities from Dissenters, she was ready to take a part, and her part was always an effective one.

Induced by considerations of health, Mr. and Mrs. Barbauld abandoned school-keeping in 1785, and removed from Palgrave. After a tour on the continent and some months spent in London, they settled at Hampstead, where he became pastor of a congregation, the predecessor of that which is now enjoying the excellent ministrations of the Rev. Dr. Sadler. After a residence of about five years at Hampstead, Mr. Barbauld was induced by family arrangements to accept an invitation to become pastor of the congregation (formerly Dr. Price's) at Stoke Newington, at that time a suburban village; and here he ministered until bodily infirmity, attended, it would appear, by mental decay, terminated in his death in

1808. The event was a source of the deepest affliction to his widow. She published in the Monthly Repository a feeling and eloquent delineation of his life and character, and also gave expression to her emotions on the occasion in an affecting dirge, beginning,

"Pure spirit! O where art thou now?"

The concluding stanza we may quote, if only to shew that in her married life Mrs. Barbauld had known more of happiness than falls to the lot of many persons of genius:

"Farewell! With honour, peace and love,  
Be thy dear memory blest!  
Thou hast no tears for me to shed  
When I too am at rest."

In literary occupation and correspondence with a circle of attached and cultivated friends, the dejection of grief was assuaged, and some of her most successful essays were written after this period. It is pleasant to know that her declining years were spent amid the respect that is due to eminent virtue and talent, and surrounded by as much love and comfort as a well-regulated English home can furnish. On the 9th of March, 1825, she expired without a struggle, in the eighty-second year of her age, and her remains were laid in the old yard of the Stoke Newington church.

In 1841, a tasteful mural tablet was put up in Newington-Green chapel to her memory, by her nephew and adopted son, Chas. Rochemont Aikin, Esq., of Bloomsbury Square, surgeon—the "Charles" so delightfully associated with her publications for young persons. The inscription is from the pen of another nephew, Arthur Aikin, Esq., and has been much admired as a literary composition. It is as follows:

In Memory of  
ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD,  
Daughter of John Aikin, D.D.,  
And Wife of the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld,  
Formerly the respected Minister of this Congregation.  
She was born at Kibworth, in Leicestershire,  
20th June, 1743,  
And died at Stoke Newington, March 9, 1825.  
Endowed by the Giver of all good  
With wit, genius, poetic talent and a vigorous  
understanding,  
She employed those high gifts  
In promoting the cause of humanity, peace  
and justice,  
Of civil and religious liberty,  
Of pure, ardent and affectionate devotion.



Let the young, nurtured by her writings in  
the pure spirit of Christian morality;  
Let those of mature years, capable of appreciating the acuteness,  
The brilliant fancy and sound reasoning of her literary compositions;  
Let the surviving few who shared  
Her delightful and instructive conversation,  
Bear witness that this monument records no exaggerated praise.

Of her writings, in addition to those already mentioned, we have little space left to speak.

In poetry, her "Address to the Deity" must be considered to stand pre-eminent. It was suggested by a sermon "On Habitual Devotion," preached by Dr. Priestley at Wakefield in the year 1767. "Were I to inform my readers," says Priestley, in the Preface to the sermon, afterwards published, "how soon that poem appeared after the delivery of the discourse, it would add much to their idea of the powers of the writer." In the whole compass of English literature, the "Address" is perhaps unsurpassed for elevated and sublime sentiment, combined with a spirit of the lowliest adoration, and out of Milton it has hardly an equal. Many of her prose compositions are admirable, and will live as long as the language in which they are written; though from the deluge of recent popular works of fiction, they may be comparatively neglected. We would specify especially her essays On Education, On Prejudice, Against Inconsistency in our Expectations, Thoughts on Devotional Taste, An Address to the Opposers of the Repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts, and her Remarks on Mr. Gilbert Wakefield's Inquiry into the Expediency and Propriety of Public or Social Worship. In these papers, if the reader is not already familiar with them, he will find the thoughts of perhaps the wisest and most masculine female mind that England has produced. For vigour and copiousness of argument, for elevation of sentiment and felicity of diction, we know very few pieces to compare with them. Throughout they are pervaded by genuine English patriotism, by the piety of a Christian, the wisdom of genius, and the earnest sensibility of a woman—emphatically by power and love and a sound mind.

We conclude by quoting from the obituary notice of her in the *Monthly Repo-*

*sitory* for March, 1825: "The moral qualities of this admirable woman reflected back a double lustre on her intellectual endowments. Her principles were pure and exalted, her sentiments on all occasions mild, candid and generous. No one could hear her faculties more meekly; neither pride nor envy had the smallest share in her composition; her beneficence was proved by many acts of bounty, and her courtesy, kindness and indulgence to others, were unbounded. Her society was equally a benefit and a delight to those within her sphere. She possessed many and warm friends, and passed through a long life without an enemy." If the mental and moral qualities of a religious community are truly reflected in those whom it most delights to honour, then English Presbyterianism may long be proud of the name and fame of Mrs. Barbauld.

#### OUR LOST ONE.

CLOSE the door lightly,  
Bridle the breath,  
Our little earth-angel  
Is talking with Death.  
Gently he woos her,  
She wishes to stay;  
His arms are about her,  
He bears her away.  
Music comes floating  
Down from the dome;  
Angels are chanting  
The sweet welcome home.  
Come, stricken weeper,  
Come to the bed;  
Gaze on the sleeper,  
Our idol is dead.  
Smooth out the ringlets,  
Close the blue eyes—  
No wonder such beauty  
Was claimed in the skies.  
Cross the hands gently  
O'er the white breast,  
So like a wild spirit  
Strayed from the blest.  
Bear her out softly,  
This idol of ours;  
Let her grave slumbers  
Be 'mid the sweet flowers.  
Come, stricken weeper,  
Come to her bed;  
Gaze on the sleeper—  
Your idol is dead.



## PRACTICAL GODLINESS.

It is one of the most pleasing and hopeful signs of the present day that both politics and religion are appreciated and successful in proportion to their practical influence on society. After all our discussions and dissensions, the elements of a true Christian life are being more and more strikingly developed among all churches. Both the press and the pulpit are lifting up their voice for a practical godliness. The preacher is saying—the words of one of our episcopal brethren—

“We want in you a Christianity that is Christian across counters, over dinner-tables, behind the neighbour’s back, as in his face. We want in you a Christianity that we can find in temperance of the meal, in moderation of dress, in respect for authority, in amiability at home, in veracity, and simplicity in mixed society. Rowland Hill used to say he would give very little for the religion of a man whose very dog and cat were not the better for his religion. We want fewer gossiping, slandering, glutinous, peevish, conceited, bigoted Christians. To make them effectual, all our public religious measures, institutions, benevolent agencies and missions, need to be managed on a high-toned, scrupulous, and unquestionable scale of honour, without evasion, or partisanship, or over-much of the serpent’s cunning. The hand that gives away the Bible must be unspotted from the world. The money that sends the missionary to the heathen must be honestly earned. In short, both the two arms of the church—justice and mercy—must be stretched out, working for man, strengthening the brethren, or else your faith is vain, and ye are yet in your sins.”

And in the same spirit a writer in one of our “Methodist” papers comes right up to the stand-point of moral goodness in his description of a Christian, and says,

“He is a Christian! Then he is a man of truth. Upon his word you may implicitly rely. His promises are faithfully fulfilled. His representations he believes to be scrupulously exact. He would not hazard his veracity upon a contingency. ‘He that speaketh truth, sheweth forth righteousness.’

“He is a Christian! Then he is an honest man. He had rather wrong himself than wrong his neighbour. In

whatever business he may be engaged, you may be sure his dealings will be honourable and upright. ‘Provide things honest in the sight of all men.’ ‘The way of the just is uprightness.’

“He is a Christian! Then he is an humble man. He thinks of his own infirmities, acknowledges his dependence upon God, and regards the wealthiest and poorest of his brethren as men, and worthy of his Redeemer’s love, and worthy of his attention and interest. ‘God giveth grace to the humble.’ ‘He that humbleth himself shall be exalted.’

“He is a Christian! Then he is a kind man. He feels interested for his neighbours, and has ever a pleasant word for those he meets. He strives to promote the welfare and happiness of those with whom he is associated. His generous heart delights in diffusing enjoyment. ‘The law of kindness is in his tongue.’ ‘To godliness and brotherly kindness.’

“He is a Christian. Then he is charitable. He is prompt to attribute right motives to others rather than wrong wherever it is possible. Knowing his own liability to err, he will regard with a charitable heart the failures of others, and will be more ready to reclaim and restore than to censure them. ‘Bear ye one another’s burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.’ ‘Charity suffereth long, and is kind.’

“He is a Christian! Then he is forgiving. Wrong does not rankle in his heart, craving for revenge. The forgiving word is ready upon his lip for his most implacable enemy. ‘If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Heavenly Father forgive your trespasses.’ ‘Even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye.’

“He is a Christian! Then he is benevolent. He feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, ministers to the sick. Human distresses touch his heart and open his hand. The spiritual maladies of mankind excite his commiseration, and to relieve and remove them his influence and property will be cheerfully contributed. ‘Freely ye have received, freely give.’ ‘Whoso hath this world’s goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?’”



## THE FIRST CREEDS.

A SHORT time ago there was published by some members of the Church of England engaged in a warfare with Roman Catholicism, a large sheet of the Creeds of the Christian Church, intended to map out to the view the progress of theological error, which seemed to have culminated in the Roman Church. It is surely interesting to us all to know the views of the first or the most early Christians, and the sheet before us makes this plain. The wonder is, that those who try to convict the Roman Catholic Church do not feel themselves convicted in this survey of early opinions. The sheet begins with the Apostles' Creed, "I believe in God, the Father Almighty," &c., purely Unitarian, and supposed to be of the first century. Then follow the creeds of Irenæus and Tertullian of the second century, much the same as the Apostles' Creed. Then the creeds of the third century begin to confuse the simple and scriptural doctrine of the oneness of God with the nature of Jesus Christ, "God of God;" and in the progress of error we next come to the Nicene Creed of the fourth century, which is Trinitarianism in an embryo state, until the Trinity is consummated in the Athanasian Creed about the fifth or sixth century. The Church of England, as well as the Church of Rome, commands "the three Creeds, the Apostles', Nicene and Athanasian, to be received and believed." It is surprising to us that Churchmen who track out the errors of the Roman Catholics do not discover their own. The Bible is very explicit on this, "that there is but one God, and God is one." The first creed of the Christian Church, the Apostles' Creed, is also clear. The *first* of the 39 articles of the Church stands at an amazing distance from the primitive faith. It says, "There is but one living and true God . . . and in unity of this Godhead there be three persons of one substance, power and eternity; the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost." If at the day of judgment men have to answer not only for every deed, but for every idle word as well, we should like to know what answer men will give, who profess to make the Bible their rule of faith, for believing in the doctrine of three persons in the Godhead.

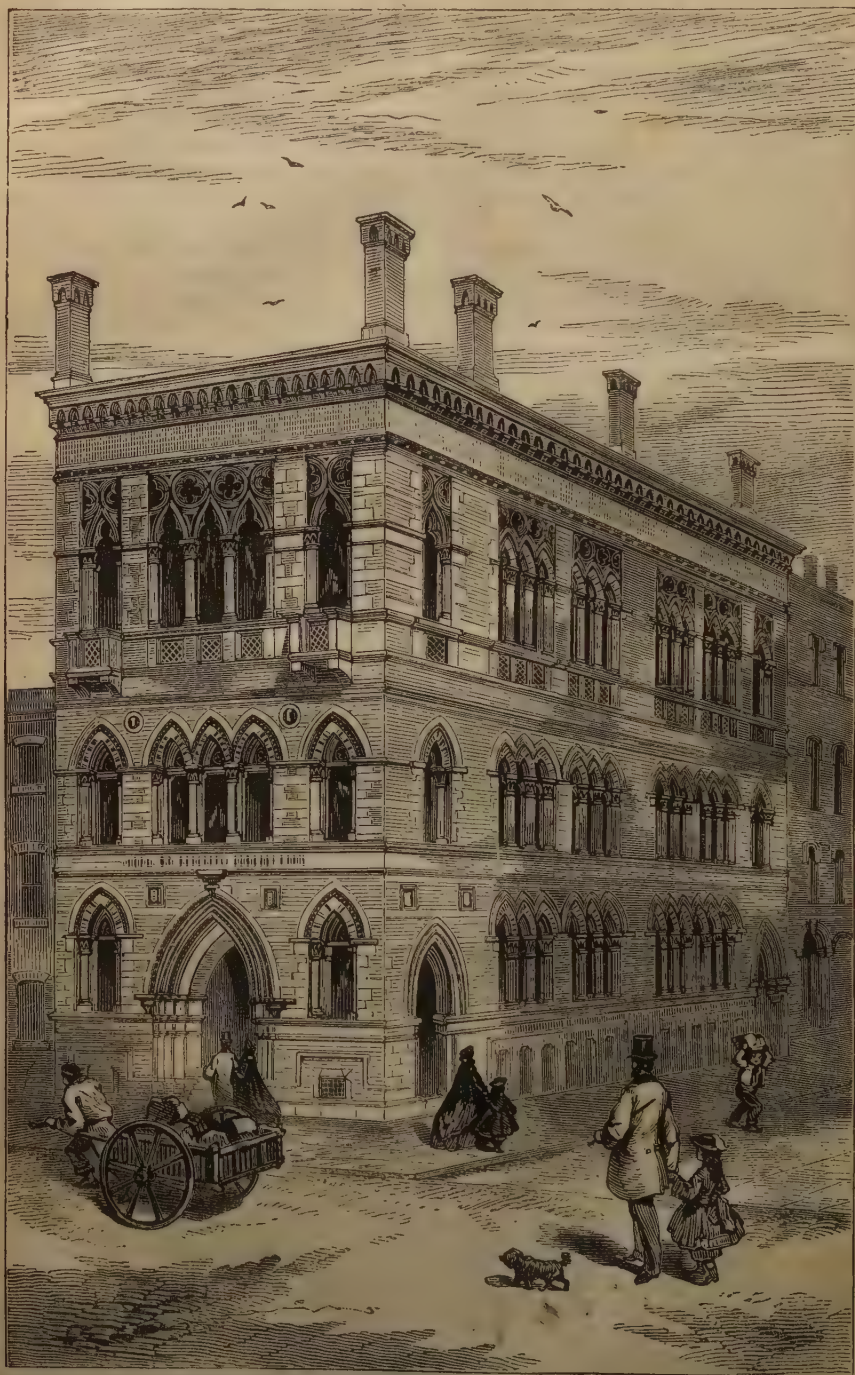
## A SOCINIAN PLACE OF WORSHIP IN LONDON.

THERE has been sent to us an expensively got-up tract, with a large engraving on the front page of our beautiful church in Islington, presided over by the Rev. Henry Ierson. Underneath the engraving are the words, "A Socinian Place of Worship in London." We are only sorry the person who has spent his money so lavishly has not furnished his readers with a clue where to find this place of worship. If he had done so, it would have been a service rendered to our cause which would much more than have balanced any argument he has used against our views. Not long ago the vicar of Islington thanked God he had not one place of Unitarian meeting in his parish; now, close to his side he has one, a handsome building well filled with devout worshipers, and an able minister to uphold our views. So the world moves and moves, and the pure and simple principles of Christian life will continue to take root and spread. The feeble arguments and unmeaning texts of Scripture the writer of the said tract has put forth, will never hinder the diffusion of Unitarianism. We are inclined to believe that every thoughtful who looks over its pages will be disposed to think the writer has a bad case, and may thus be led to look at the other side and hear what we have got to say. We have heard of men who were converted to Unitarianism through the perusal of Trinitarian literature. There is always something so far-fetched and so impotent in the arguments generally intended to put down our views, that we wonder the weakness is not perceived by the persons who handle the argument. The name "Socinian," used to stigmatize us, we eschew. The allegation, we have "a Bible of different texts" from them, is untrue. That we "deny the Saviour" is false, has no foundation in fact. That we preach up "human merit" is a wrong inference from our views. That we "deny the punishment of sin," is an invention of the enemy. That we have "no religious experience," is a figment of their imagination. And so the whole course of argument is generally founded in misconceptions of our position, false inferences and idle tales.









MEMORIAL HALL, MANCHESTER.



## MEMORIAL HALL MANCHESTER.

(The Memorial Hall Engraving this month necessitates Glasgow Chapel standing over till March.)

THIS building, of which for many reasons the Unitarian body has just cause to be proud, was opened on Thursday, Jan. 18. The objects for which it has been raised are, in the first place, the perpetuation of the memory of the 2000 Nonconforming Ministers who, on St. Bartholomew's Day, 1662, resigned their livings in the English Church rather than subscribe to what their consciences could not approve; and, secondly, to afford accommodation for the Home Missionary Board and other philanthropic and educational institutions connected with our body. The advantages of such a building must of necessity be more or less of a local character, those only in the neighbourhood being able to avail themselves of its facilities for social and other gatherings; but it must be borne in mind that the benefits of the Home Missionary Board are confined to no particular part of the country, being spread wherever a missionary or minister educated in that Institution is located. It is this feature of the Memorial Hall which commends itself to the notice and interest and prayers of every one who desires the extension of those principles of religious truth and freedom for which the noble 2000 suffered, and to which the Home Missionary Board is pledged.

The foundation-stone was laid on the 15th June, 1864. The architect is Mr. T. Worthington. The style of the edifice is an adaptation of the pointed architecture which prevailed in Venice, Verona and Florence in mediæval times. Exteriously, the combination of coloured bricks and stone, the arched doorways, the judicious grouping of graceful windows, the top windows reminding one of the engravings of the ducal palace at Venice, and the richly carved and moulded cornice which runs round the two sides of the building facing the public streets, produce a very pleasing effect. Entering the interior through a deeply recessed doorway, we ascend a staircase (the ground floor is let off for warehouses), at the top of which on our left we see a beautiful stained window, bearing the monogram of the Memorial Hall, surrounded with ribbons inscribed with

appropriate mottoes. Before us is an arched doorway, with a flight of stairs leading to the large Hall. On the left is a small door leading to the hall-keeper's residence; on the right, another door, leading to a library, 31 feet by 20. Then there are the lecture-hall, 26 feet by 26 feet; a professor's room, 16 feet by 26 feet; and several small ante-rooms. Passing through the above-named arched doorway and up the flight of steps, access is gained to the large public hall, which is 64 feet by 34 feet. Its accommodation is increased by three galleries, which run into odd angles of the building. The gallery fronts are Venetian in style, balconies formed of a series of little shafts, with ornamental capitals. The ceiling of the room is divided into panels. This hall is well lighted by coupled windows of three lights each, and by graceful gas pendants suspended from the roof.

The Memorial Hall is settled on perfectly open trusts for religious, philanthropic and educational purposes. Its cost has been about £10,000, which has been so liberally subscribed that the Chairman announced at the opening that the building was free from debt.

## THREE WORDS OF STRENGTH.

THERE are three lessons I would write—

Three words, as with a burning pen,  
In tracings of eternal light.

Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope! Though clouds environ  
round,

And gladness hides her face in scorn,  
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—

No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith! Where'er thy bark is  
driven—

The calm's disport, the tempest's  
mirth—

Know this: God rules the host of heaven,  
The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love! Not love alone for one:

But man, as man, thy brother call;  
And scatter, like the circling sun,  
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—

Hope, Faith and Love—and thou shalt  
find

Strength when life's surges rudest roll,  
Light when thou else wert blind.

SCHILLER.



## REASONS FOR BELIEVING IN THE FOUR GOSPELS.

No book in the present age, or for centuries past, has been so universally read and revered as the New Testament. No writings can be compared with the four Gospels for the good influence they have had upon our civilization for many centuries. These Gospels have been known and trusted to as a faithful record of the life of Jesus Christ. At the present day they are believed in by the common people as a correct account of the teaching of the Saviour, by four men, two of whom were eye-witnesses and two the companions of eye-witnesses of that wonderful and divine life.

As our views of the Christian religion are not derived from any church, but from the proper source of religious information, the words and works of Jesus, it is therefore the more important we should feel we are reading a trustworthy account. Strauss has said, "Certainly it would be of decisive weight to establish the credibility of the Bible history, were it proved that it was written by eye-witnesses or even by contemporaries in the neighbourhood of the events." Now we believe the Gospels were written by the men whose names they bear, and we believe no other ancient writings can produce better evidence of their authenticity than the Gospels.

We rejoice to know that the most able defenders of the genuineness and credibility of those histories of Christ have been found in our own small church, and that the works of Lardner and Norton are in extensive use among all churches. The most learned men, with few exceptions, of all churches, as well as the common people, are fully persuaded these are authentic histories. In their present form there are a few interpolations and discrepancies, but these are inconsiderable; while the life, ministry, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ are substantially the same in the four evangelists. In fact, we have had handed down to us from apostolic times a universally admitted record of the doctrine and duties of the religion of Christ, the Christianity of the primitive church.

The life of Christ, what he did and said and suffered, is exhibited in those

writings in a way which carries conviction that the record is that of a faithful eye-witness, a truthful chronicler and a careful observer. The incidents which are introduced, and the way in which they are detailed,—the frailties and sins of the apostles, their prejudices and weaknesses,—everything in the narrative corresponds to the age in which the narrative was written. And to this we add the reverence in which the Gospels were held in the earliest times, when the Christian Church had a much better opportunity of judging of their worth than we have now; the value they attached to the four Gospels; the constant appeal they made to them as their standard of Christian doctrine; their expressed conviction that these writings had come down from the first apostles; and their careful scrutiny of other books that had made the same claim, and their repudiation of them.

We think it is utterly impossible that four spurious books could have been received by the early church as an authority, and have come into universal use as the writings of apostles, so early as the second century.

PAPIAS, who lived at the beginning of the second century, makes distinct mention of the Gospels of Matthew and Mark, and of a conversation he had with John (supposed to be the apostle John), who gave him some particulars about those two evangelists, that Matthew had written his Gospel in Hebrew, and that Mark had written from the dictation of Peter. There is some doubt among learned men as to the reliableness of all Papias says. But if on the matter of the existence of those two Gospels of Matthew and Mark he is correct, there can be little reason for doubting the authentic character of the other two Gospels.

JUSTIN MARTYR, who flourished about the year A.D. 150, speaks of the apostolic writings, calling them "Memoirs of Christ." He says, "They were composed by apostles of Christ and their companions." What better description can we have of the Gospels? for they were written by two apostles and two companions of apostles. He makes many quotations from their writings in his defence of Christianity substantially the same in word and matter as we have in the four



Gospels. Indeed, an almost complete history of Christ from Justin's writings could be drawn up similar to the accounts we have in the New Testament.

THEOPHILUS, Bishop of Antioch, who flourished A.D. 170, expresses his indebtedness to the Gospels. He quotes passages, supposed to be from Matthew and John, and also from the writings of the apostle Paul. He speaks of the Gospels as written by the inspiration of the Spirit of God.

IRENÆUS, who lived at the close of the second century, says, "We have received the Gospel by those who first preached it, and by the will of God transmitted to us in writing, that it might be the foundation and pillar of our faith." He then goes on to speak of the composition of the four Gospels, and that "we have not received the knowledge of the way of salvation by any others than those through whom the Gospels have come down to us." He refers by name to the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. After this we have Tertullian, Clement, Origen and others, who name the four evangelists, and make such copious use of the Gospels, and vindicate their apostolic authority, that no doubt can be left of their universal reception and authority at the beginning of the third century. Indeed, it is a matter of fact that in less than a hundred years from the apostolic age, the Gospels we now have are known to have been in use as the public lesson-book among the churches.

We may here remark that it is an observation of more than one historian of the early period of the church, that the Gospels were the standard of appeal among Christians for the first 200 years; the Christian church then enjoyed the greatest success, though exposed to the greatest persecution. Its articles of religious faith were plain and simple, uncorrupted by the false philosophy that ultimately established the doctrine of the Trinity.

Eichhorn says "that between the year 150 and 175 seems to have been the period in which the Gospels as we have them seem to have been preferred to all other writings. Afterwards, distinguished writers of the church defended the choice." He says again—"Criticism,

in the perfection to which it has been brought in our age, allies itself to the tradition of the church, and confirms its judgment upon their genuineness as apostolic writings and as genuine doctrines of the Christian religion." We quote his authority as one of the greatest among Biblical critics, and because he has in some of his writings denied the Gospels were written by the four evangelists. De Wette also, a very great authority among scholars, assailed the Gospel of John, but finally abandoned the position he had assumed, and came back to his former conviction that John wrote the fourth Gospel.

There can be no doubt that, at the close of the second century, the FOUR GOSPELS were selected by the church universal as the most credible and complete account of the life and teachings of Jesus, and that these Gospels had been known long before and trusted to, or such unanimity could not have existed in the choice of them at that time. We think there must have been an unbroken acknowledgment of the four Gospels from the apostolic age, that is, for one hundred years previous to this, or we should not have found the Gospels at the beginning of the third century so universally read and revered as records of the four evangelists. There is no trace of any dispute about their authenticity then; the Christian church at that period possessed the Gospels, had adopted them, and regarded them as sacred books. If this be so, and if it be true, as Tertullian who lived at that period says, that the Christians then were a very numerous body, and were found "in great numbers in every city, village, town, island, castle, the palace and senate-house," surely we may infer that the Gospels had been in existence and had been regarded as evangelic records during the previous century, or they would not then have occupied so eminent a position among the many churches east and west, and been translated into so many languages.

The question is now asked, Have the Gospels not been very much tampered with and corrupted—have we not reason to believe that those accounts of the wonderful works of Christ, the miraculous part of his ministry among men, have been foisted into the Gospels—that these



are not the records of the eye-witnesses of his life?

If the primitive Christian church accepted the four Gospels as the productions of eye-witnesses of his ministry, if the four evangelists who record these things saw and believed, and if the miracles of Christ are so blended with that history as to present no appearance of any after hand, as they certainly do not,—it is then a pure assumption, without any show of proof, to say they were added to the original Gospels, and against the best possible proof, the internal evidence of the Gospels themselves. There are remarks of the early fathers, which take us back nearly to the apostolic age, against corrupting the Scriptures. There is the evidence of the deep reverence they had for the Gospels. There is the great similarity that exists among manuscript copies and versions of ancient times, found in different and widely separate countries. There are the quotations from the Scriptures in early times in the works of the fathers, which shew the same matter and words then as now. From these and other proofs it is an unfounded surmise that the Gospels have been essentially corrupted. We believe the original text of the evangelists has been determined with great exactness.

There are two or three chapters and a few verses in our Common Version regarded by many Biblical scholars as of doubtful authority. These are parts of the gospel of which the evangelists could not be witnesses of their truthfulness, such as the birth of Christ and the genealogies which are found in Matthew and Luke. It is said that the literary character of those parts shews grounds for doubt; whereas the general composition of the four Gospels, subjected to the scrutiny of the critic, reveals that four different men wrote these four books; that the writers shew style and peculiarity, and distinct marks of individuality, truthfulness and personal knowledge of the subject on which they write, sufficient to satisfy even the most critical mind. "The highest criticism allies itself with the common tradition, that these writings were the composition of the four evangelists."

In conclusion, we repeat that the church universal, for 1700 years at least, has

regarded the four Gospels as the works of the four men whose names they bear. The Gospels of Matthew and Mark are mentioned by name at the beginning of the second century. Luke distinctly states he had written an account of the life of Christ as he commences the Acts of the Apostles. The writer of the Epistles of John is never doubted to be the same as the writer of the Gospel of John, and that writer says the things of which he writes are of his own personal knowledge of Jesus Christ. Who could he be but the disciple John? The historians of the Christian church, Catholic and Protestant, Trinitarian and Unitarian, agree with the most distinguished Biblical critics that these writings come to us from apostolic times. That we have no ancient writings which afford such clear and unbroken proof of authenticity and genuineness, we refer our readers to the invaluable works of Lardner and Norton, to whom chiefly we are indebted for what we have here put down, and with Professor Norton we say—"Let any one in the best exercise of his understanding be persuaded that the history of Jesus Christ is true—that the miracle of his mission from God, which belongs to the order of events lying beyond the sphere of this world and concerning the whole of man's existence, is as real as those facts which take place in this world, conformable to the narrow circle of its laws with which we are familiar—and he has become intellectually, and can hardly fail to become morally, a new being. In recognizing that fact, he recognizes his relation to God, or rather, if I may so speak, God's relation to him. Life assumes another character. It is not a short period of existence, in which we are to confine our views and desires to what may be attained within its limits. It is a state of preparation for a life to come, which will continue into an infinity where the eye of the mind is wholly incapable of following its course. Viewed in the broad light which thus pours in upon us, their false colouring disappears from the objects of passion, and we perceive that there is nothing permanently good but what tends to the moral and intellectual progress of the soul, and nothing to be dreaded as essentially evil but what tends to impede it."



## A FIRESIDE STORY.

ONE evening a poor man and his son, a little boy, sat by the wayside near the gate of an old town in Germany. The father took out a loaf of bread which he had bought in the town, and gave half to his boy.

"Not so, father," said the boy; "I shall not eat until after you. You have been working hard all day, for small wages, to support me, and you must be very hungry; I shall wait until you are done."

"You speak kindly, my son," replied the father; "your love for me does me more good than my food; and those eyes of yours remind me of your dear mother, who has left us, and who told you to love me as she used to do; and, indeed, my boy, you have been a great strength and comfort to me; but now that I have eaten the first morsel to please you, it is your turn now to eat."

"Thank you, father; but break this piece in two, and take you a little more, for you see the loaf is not large, and you require more than I do."

"I shall divide the loaf for you, my boy; but eat it I shall not. I have abundance, and let us thank God for his great goodness in giving us food, and in giving us what is better still, cheerful and contented hearts. He who gave us the living bread from heaven, to nourish our immortal souls, how shall he not give us all other food that is necessary to support our mortal bodies?"

The father, after giving thanks to God, began to cut the loaf in pieces, to begin their frugal meal. But as they cut one portion of the loaf there fell out several large pieces of gold of great value. The little boy gave a shout of joy, and was springing forward to grasp the unexpected treasure, when he was pulled back by his father.

"My son, my son!" he cried, "do not touch that money; it is not ours."

"But whose is it, father, if it is not ours?"

"I know not as yet to whom it belongs, but probably it was put there by the baker through some mistake. We must inquire. Run!"

"But, father," interrupted the boy, "you are poor and needy, and you have

bought the loaf, and the baker may tell a lie, and—

"I will not listen to you, my boy. I bought the loaf, but did not buy the gold in it. If the baker sold it to me in ignorance, I shall not be so dishonest as to take advantage of him; remember Him who told us to do to others as we would have others do to us. I am poor, indeed, but that is no sin. If we share the poverty of Jesus, God's own Son, O let us share also his goodness and his trust in God. We may never be rich, but we may always be honest. We may die of starvation, but God's will be done, should we die in doing it! Yes, my boy, trust God, and walk in his ways, and you shall never be put to shame. Now run to the baker and bring him here, and I will watch the gold until he comes."

So the boy ran for the baker.

"Brother workman," said the old man, "you have made some error, and almost lost your money," and he then shewed the baker the gold, and told him how it had been found.

"Is it thine?" asked the father; "if it is, take it away!"

"My father, baker, is very poor, and—"

"Silence, my child; put me not to shame by thy complaints. I am glad we have saved this man from losing his money."

The baker had been gazing alternately upon the honest father and the eager boy, and upon the gold which lay glittering upon the green turf.

"Thou art indeed an honest fellow," said the baker; "and my neighbour David, the flax-dresser, told but the truth when he said thou wert the honestest man in our town. Now I shall tell thee about the gold. A stranger came to my shop three days ago and gave me that loaf, and told me to sell it cheaply, or give it away, to the honestest poor man whom I knew in the city. I told David to send thee to me as a customer this morning; as thou wouldst not have the loaf for nothing, I sold it to thee, as thou knowest, for the last pence in thy purse; and the loaf with all its treasure—and, verily, it is not small!—is thine, and God grant thee a blessing with it."

The poor father bent his head to the



ground, while the tears fell from his eyes. His boy ran and put his hands about his neck, and said—

"I shall always, like you, my father, trust God and do what is right; for I am sure it will never put us to shame."

### A PAGE FROM MY DIARY.

BY A UNITARIAN MISSIONARY.

ONE day visiting in one of the most neglected parts of the city, as I entered a house in one of the narrow, dark courts, a voice greeted me, "Thank God, you are come. I have been wanting to see you for several days, and I prayed God to send you to-day. I knew you would come, and so I have been waiting for you with my bonnet and shawl on ready to take you with me as soon as I could." I was somewhat surprised at the excited manner of the poor woman, who was usually very quiet. I followed her, feeling that she had some good work in view. As we went along the street, she told me as well as she could that she was taking me to see a friend who was in a very bad way. This friend had been a very decent, industrious, well-conducted person all her life. She had married well, her husband being a steady, striving young man, a mechanic by trade, earning good wages. They had kept themselves very respectable, and had put a little money away in the bank. Two children had been born to them, two fine boys, in whom were centered all their thought and love. Thus things went on happily and prosperously till a slack time induced the husband to seek for work in one of the manufacturing towns of the West-Riding of Yorkshire. They removed there, and in a short time came across a very earnest set of religionists, who preached such doctrine as made a great impression on the mind of the person whom we were going to see. At first she admired the zeal and self-denial of the little band, attended their services, and formed one or two acquaintances. She, however, could not embrace their doctrine. It seemed unlovely, uncharitable and unscriptural. She told them so, and they replied that her mind was darkened and her heart was hardened. One night some half-dozen of the most earnest came to her

and said they had come to pray for her. They began at once, and prayed so fervently that Jesus would save her, that she began to half believe she was in great danger. In answer to a question, she said something to that effect, and then they prayed more loudly than ever that Jesus would accomplish the work of grace which he had that night begun. By and by they went home, rejoicing that a lamb had been brought to the fold; but she was left in a state of great perplexity. So unexpected had been the visit of her friends and so incessant their pleading, that she had been thrown off her guard and completely stunned. When her husband came home he found her strangely agitated. He was, like many more, a good man in his way, knew his Bible, read and thought about religious subjects, and formed his own conclusions about them, and for that very reason did not attend any place of worship, and would not have been admitted into church fellowship in most places, if he had sought it. He now sat down and had a long quiet talk with his wife; he quieted her fears by speaking of the wonderful force of Love, and the sustaining power of faith in God's goodness. She had never heard him speak so before, and as she gently put away the brown curling hair from his manly brow to plant there a kiss of pure affection, she prayed that she might have the same sweet faith that filled his heart.

In a day or two after, her zealous friends paid her another visit, and finding that she did not entertain the feelings that she had expressed on their former visit, said that the devil had taken seven other spirits worse than himself and held possession of her heart. One of them, bolder than the rest, told her she had, by quenching the Spirit within her, committed the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost, and that she was henceforth a child of Satan, and her portion would be for ever with the wicked. It is impossible to relate the whole of this sad story; suffice it to say that at last the poor victim of misdirected zeal fell a prey to fear, to doubt, and at last to despair. She neglected her family, she became incapable of performing her domestic duties; Reason was dethroned, Hope had fled, and Faith was dead. Only



a poor, raving, crushed and suffering heart was left, which day and night vented its bitterness in woful cries of, "Lost, lost, for ever lost!" Hoping a change of scene and air and society might do her good and restore her peace of mind, her husband had brought her back to her mother, and now we were on the threshold.

The locality was little better than the one we had just left, and the house, though perhaps the best in the court, was still so dark, that we could not all at once distinguish the objects in it. My conductress, after knocking at the door, entered, and begged me to follow. I heard the wail of a little child, so feeble, so painful, that it might have melted a heart of stone. Mingled with its cries were others, half laugh, half appeal, but wholly maniac, uttering such words as I dare not write on this fair page. When I had become accustomed to the gloom, I perceived a woman, but half clad, her hair hanging in disordered masses on her shoulders, quickly pacing to and fro at the back of the house, like an enraged tiger in its den, holding the poor little child by one arm and one leg. My friend rushed forward and rescued the poor lamb from its perilous situation, and taking hold of its mother dragged her towards the fire, saying as she did so, "Come, Mrs. Brown, look, here is a gentleman come to see you. Won't you put him a chair?" I shall never forget the despairing look and tone with which she replied, "No, no; it is of no use; my doom is certain. The fountain of mercy is sealed up. My lot is cast. Hell is my portion; I feel it now; it is burning in my bosom, and God has cast me off for ever."

Going up to her, I took both her hands in mine, led her to a chair, sat down in one opposite to her, and looking right in her eyes—oh! such a fire lit them up!—praying that I might be able to minister to this "mind diseased," in the most soothing manner I said, "Our Saviour says, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

"No, no," she answered in a cry of bitter agony, "he will not give me rest. I refused to come to him in the day of salvation, and now he has left me desolate."

"I will not leave you comfortless!"

"But he has left me comfortless," she said, interrupting me; and again she gave utterance to such fearful language, that, had it been spoken by a sane person, would have been the foulest blasphemy.

"Stop," I said, "let us look at that. Let us see the depth of your miserable state. You have a husband?"

"The best husband that ever loved a wife; but what does it matter, when she is lost, for ever lost?"

"You have a home?"

"Yes, a *home*, not a hovel like this,—a beautiful cottage, with a garden, good furniture and carpets; but the garden has the curse of God upon it."

"You have children?"

"Yes, the sweetest babes; but their mother is lost; hell-fire has dried up all the milk in her breast."

"Your married life has been a happy one?"

"Yes, so happy, till I learnt my wretched state."

"Did you abuse any of these gifts?"

"No, I hope not. I was a good mother, I loved my husband; but now—"

"Yes, *now*, poor trembling, broken heart! it is hard for thee, and thine affliction is great; but tell me, were you in a state of grace when you were enjoying all these blessings, or in a state of sin?"

"Sin—sin—grievous sin, and now God has opened the vials of his wrath."

"But would you not flee from the wrath to come?"

"Oh! Sir, can you ask that? If you felt the fire which burns me up, if you knew how night and day I pray for mercy!—But there is no hope."

"There is *hope*—nay, there is *assurance*. God was not more merciful when you were in sin than he is now when you wish to come to him. If he gave you a loving husband, sweet babes and a comfortable home then, he is now ready to give you more,—the peace of mind which passeth all understanding; for he desires not the death of any sinner."

"But the devil—"

"Don't believe him, he is the father of lies. Believe in God and his goodness; believe in Christ's precepts and doctrines; and as he sought strength and comfort



from God in the hour of his bitter sorrow, so let us." And so we knelt down and prayed that He who rules the waves would say to the tempestuous soul before him, "Peace, be still."

When we rose from our knees, the distressed creature seemed a little calmer, and asked me to come again soon. I promised I would, and the more so, I said, because God had commissioned me to bring to her the message of forgiveness. Of this I was confident, and assured her so.

The fear of the devil was the most prominent in her mind, and the grand cause of her agitation. So I said, "You must not believe the devil. He is a great deceiver, and he will only laugh at you for believing his word that your name is now scratched out of the Book of Life. You must promise to wash and dress yourself and baby. Go out into the fields and gather flowers, and send good wishes to your husband on every cloud that is blown towards Yorkshire. Every time you begin to feel distressed, you must repeat these words, 'Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.'"

I cannot in the short space allotted me here tell the particulars of my successive visits. I called on her nearly every day, and by turning her thoughts to the pleasing, consoling and sustaining features of our simple Unitarian faith,—by fixing her mind on the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God and the wise discipline of his providence,—by reading to her the Sermon on the Mount and the most touching of our Lord's parables,—by repeating to her such hymns as, "Come, said Jesus' sacred voice," and "Nearer, my God, to Thee,"—and by engaging in frequent prayer with her, and encouraging her to do the same when alone, but always in the spirit of cheerful confidence,—with the blessing of Him, without whom no work of our hand can prosper, I was made the humble instrument of bringing peace to her mind and heart. After a few weeks she returned to her husband with a repose of soul she had not known for some time, but, as was natural, very weak in bodily health. Her husband strictly forbade the destroyers of her peace to come to his house again under any pretence whatever. He

sent many kind messages to me, and, poor man! never seemed able to express half his gratitude. On learning that I was a Unitarian, he sent for a few tracts. By and by he joined one of our congregations in the West-Riding, and he and his wife became regular and exemplary attenders. She, however, never seemed to rally from the severe shock which she had experienced. She gradually sank, and notwithstanding all the means which her fond husband tried to restore her, she soon took to her bed, and left it not till she awoke to the light of the new heaven and the new earth.

A few months after, I received a letter from the bereaved husband, from which I make the following extract:—"Yes, I am firmly persuaded that God does all things well. I had a great sorrow when that dark cloud hung on my poor wife's mind, but greater joy came in the morning. This is the heaviest of all griefs; but I will trust in God for all that. May be He will shew me soon for what good purpose it is. Our minister here often came to see my poor Lizzie, and had many long conversations with her. One day he asked her if she felt that the Unitarian faith afforded her a sufficient faith and hope in the prospect of death. She had not much strength left her, but she raised herself in bed and with a face like an angel's said, 'I have no fear. Why should I have? I am going to my Father. Whatever he will do to me will be for the best. It may be he will have to correct me, but I should be a bad child to demur. I am ready to bear all his will. But I feel that the end is purity, holiness and love. O, I cannot express the joy that I feel! Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit!' She did not live long after that. I cannot tell you more; it is too bitter. . . . But this I must say, that I feel not only that she is blessed, but that she is now about me and with me at all times, one of those ministering spirits which are sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation."

It is now several years since those words were written, but the spirit and the faith which they breathe are ever fresh and new, and their divine energy still lives in the breast of the writer.



## THEOLOGY AND CRIME.

## VITAL STATISTICS AND MORAL FACTS.

WE had just concluded a lecture on the doctrine of the punishment of sin in the Divine Government, denying the doctrine of an endless hell, when the discourse was strongly objected to by a Roman Catholic on the ground that a wide-spread belief of our views would necessarily relax the moral life of the people, and lead to great crime and vice; he confessed—and this was his proof—the utter recklessness that would soon possess his moral nature if the fear of an endless punishment for sin were removed. It was in a small town, in which there were a number of Unitarian families as well as Roman Catholics, both in humble and in better social positions. The appeal was instantly made from his theory to actual facts by this question: “The Unitarians who disbelieve in endless torment, or the Roman Catholics who do—which of the two churches have the most criminals in the common gaol?” This was a sufficient answer, in the form of a question, to close the mouth of the objector to our views. The fact is, people are always making mistakes upon this question, and they constantly need to be reminded that their doctrine of future and fearful punishment is totally inoperative for good. For fifteen hundred years the doctrine of terror has been preached with the greatest eloquence and power, and has been assented to by Christendom almost universally, yet it has utterly failed to restrain from vice or regenerate society. We are not going to say the extinction of the theory of endless punishment will prove the extinction of wickedness and crime; we believe no such thing; we only wish to shew, and we have sufficient facts, that the fear of a future hell does not deter from crime—that the Unitarian doctrine of a just and finite punishment for a finite evil, done by a frail and imperfect creature, has to all appearance been more productive of virtuous character than the popular doctrine of everlasting misery. We are not about to exalt our position in the spirit of the Pharisee, and thank God we are not as other men are; we know sufficient of our own weaknesses and shortcomings, and of the great goodness and self-denial

found in those sections of the universal church who hold widely different views from us, to deter us from instituting any such comparison; still our cause, truth and justice, demand that we should not shrink from examining this question of the relative influence of religious opinions on the moral state of society. We believe our people will bear comparison with any other church—this is all we wish to say. We are persuaded public opinion does not set us down as idle or vicious, although we do not admit a future infinite punishment or the doctrines of the Evangelical party. Long ago Bishop Burnet said—“I must also do this right to the Unitarians as to own that their rules in morality are exact and severe; that they are generally men of probity, justice and charity, and seem to be very much in earnest in pressing the obligations to very high degrees in virtue.” Lord Jeffrey has since said—“It would be absurd to hold that there was anything to corrupt virtue or outrage decency in tenets which have been advocated in our own days by men of such eminent talents, exemplary piety and pure lives, as Price, Priestley and Channing, and to which there is reason to think neither Milton nor Newton were disinclined.” Numberless citations down to our day such as these could be produced from our theological opponents; still it is thought in some quarters that our denial of hell must have a less deterrent effect on the lower class of society. Let us now look the facts of the case in the face, and we learn the very contrary of this. In 1858, there were 33,999 prisoners in Ireland; 29,027 of them professed Roman Catholicism. In 1864, there were 33,940; of these, 29,563 were Roman Catholics. The remainder were of the Established Church and of the Presbyterians a few. This says little for the moral power of the priesthood or their doctrines, though they speak of their power over their people. In Spain, where there are 181,000 clergy for eight millions of people, 28,000 persons are annually arrested. Surely there ought to be no spiritual destitution where there is one clergyman for every 56 persons. We refer to those facts to shew that the doctrine of endless punishment, in Ireland and Spain, and, we may add, wherever



it is preached, does little to restrain from crime. The young and the old are constantly reminded of a pit of fire for evil-doers; it appears to have little moral influence over their minds. In those countries, we acknowledge, as there are few Unitarians, we cannot estimate the relative effects of the difference of doctrine. In England, we have seen prison statistics such as the following from the Lancashire county gaol, the most Unitarian county of our land, which we may summarize thus: 675 prisoners, one Unitarian, the rest of other denominations, with the exception of ten of no denomination. Our numerous churches, and many of them churches of the poor in that county, cannot be said to produce many criminals. The continent of North America, but more especially the United States, where our views are very widely diffused, contrast most favourably in the prison returns with those of other denominations. We will refer but to two. In an official report of the State prison of Pennsylvania, out of 385 convicts, 110 were Methodists, 90 Roman Catholics, 65 Lutherans, 50 Presbyterians, 21 Episcopalians, 12 Baptists, 6 Friends, 1 Universalist. The remainder belonged to other denominations. They who hold that the doctrine of eternal damnation restrains from crime may learn a little wisdom here. In the report of the Canada prisons, we find 1897 professed believers in the doctrine of the immortal woe of the wicked, and not one of the Unitarian or Universalist persuasion. We may add to the foregoing the report of an "Association for the Care and Reformation of Abandoned Women," which makes particular mention of the number of Roman Catholics, Episcopalians, Methodists, &c., but of no Unitarians under its care. We feel therefore bound to protest against the unfounded and unjust imputation that a theology which excludes the popular belief of an endless punishment is necessarily the precursor of lax morals and of crime.

The Rev. A. H. Boyd, the writer of the book called the "Country Parson," a minister, we believe, of the Church of Scotland, says—"Experience of the ways and feelings of a rustic population is something of doubt whether in practice the fear of future punishment produces

any effect in deterring men from evil. A mountain far away may be concealed by a shilling held close to the eye; and future woe seems to gross minds so distant and so misty, that a very small immediate gratification quite hides it from view." It is conceded by the most able theologians that in the Old Testament the grand motives placed before the Hebrew people to pursue the good and avoid the evil, were those which were derived from the benefits and calamities, the rewards and punishments, *of this life*. The late Dr. Campbell, as well as Archbishop Whately, Warburton, Milman and others, affirm this of their laws.

At the present time the education and reformation of criminals is very worthily attracting much attention, and an old maxim, "The certainty more than the severity of punishment," is beginning to be more widely accepted. We believe mankind will in the end be persuaded it is not punishment in one form or another, but education, moral and religious influences, the wisdom that directs the life, the love that softens the heart, and the condition of social existence that frees from those powerful temptations,—these will breathe a better life and produce better fruits in society. Mankind need a higher and more benevolent faith than the old religious party of Christendom inspired; and as soon as this fully dawns, we shall have less crime, because of more loving virtue, which issues from greater love to God and man. As soon as the terms theology and religion begin to signify the culture of the soul and the elevation and improvement of the moral nature of mankind, the immediate and essential influence of religion then will be to lessen and destroy crime. The time has not yet come for religion and personal righteousness to be regarded as the same thing, so we have many religious rogues and scoundrels, theological rascals, bad citizens and worse neighbours, who are members of Christian churches. The Unitarian church is striving to make moral goodness the test of religious character; and when it attains its object, it will be found that its higher faith and more rational and better views of God and man, have contributed in no small degree to the reformation of society. Society must be reformed by moral prin-



ciples; and all those holy and saving views must be recognized in the character and government of God, to give them power and success over the human family. The low, dark and cruel dogmas of theology must be supplanted by the higher wisdom and better light and love of the gospel.

It is equally true of religion as what an able statist says of education—indeed, in this view, the words *religion* and *education* are synonymous, i.e. the culture of the heart as well as of the head—"Education and freedom from crime must bear the relation to each other of cause and effect, and therefore when education is at a maximum, crime must be at a minimum; but if the term education be used in its *ordinary* acceptance and merely implies instruction, it then becomes a fit and important question, whether education in this limited sense has any influence on the development of crime." We hold that religion and personal righteousness bear the same relation to each other as cause and effect. It is true they do not in the popular and orthodox systems of Christianity; yet we are glad to notice, all around, more and more importance is being attached to the daily practice of men than to their Sunday creed and religious profession. The religion of the New Testament is exercising a greater and increasing influence than in days gone by.

We have no reason, from the facts before us, to alter the theological structure of our church. We have but to be faithful to it, emphasize it, and make it widely known. Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished. Much of the crime of our day, nine-tenths of it, is against property without violence, and implies a belief that the criminal may escape detection and punishment. We must teach our children and others by such earnestness and faithfulness as shall persuade them there is no escape, that every disobedience is sure to receive its recompence and reward. We must not debase the mind by conceptions of injustice, cruelty and partiality, such as some of the popular doctrines of punishment and forgiveness inevitably do. The careful reader of history and the student of human life must have perceived that fearful doctrines do not lessen sin; where

they abound, sin abounds more. The more humane laws have been trusted to the more the people have improved, and *vice versa*. The same may be true of religious doctrine. We must teach that religious life is not a sudden emotion, but a culture and constant improvement, a growth in grace and goodness. We must breathe a perfect freedom, and enjoy it in all our doctrines and ceremonies. This, as much as anything, makes the people high-spirited, noble and virtuous. All kinds of slavery stultify the soul, render men less generous, less truthful and less good. The superiority of a *free people* is an old remark. Equality of condition and wide-spread sympathies always elevate the mass of people, and with them we ought to have the most to do. Social degradation, or any other cause that deprives of spirit and a sense of honour native to the soul, debases the mind and renders it less strong for an evil hour. The doctrine of hereditary depravity we properly eschew. The entertaining such a thought is ineipient immorality. The common doctrine of atonement and those displays of criminal assurance, such as Southey's, of the Divine pardon, are demoralizing to the mind of the nation. We must lift our voices against them. We must point out Christ as a Saviour from sin; not from the punishment sin deserves, but from a course of life that deserves remorse and pain. If this form of religious life and those doctrines still have the charge of lax morality brought against them, we can refer our opponents to public opinion about our character, to criminal statistics for our defence, and say, as did our Master, "Wisdom is justified of her children."

#### ONE GENTLE WORD.

ONE gentle word that I may speak,

Or one kind, loving deed,

May, though a trifle poor and weak,

Prove like a tiny seed;

And who can tell what good may spring  
From such a very little thing?

Then let me try, each day and hour,

To act upon this plan—

What little good is in my power,

To do it while I can.

If to be useful thus I try,

I may do better by-and-by.



## WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

**SUPERSTITION.**—The following placard in English has appeared on the walls of Rome: "April, 1865: Fac-simile of the Chains of St. Peter. The committee for the purpose of a pious work, charged with the making in steel of fac-similes of the chains of St. Peter, authorize the sale of them. N.B.—Notice is given to the devout that each of the said fac-similes, to which are annexed special benedictions by his Holiness, has touched the Sacred Chains in the Gudossian Basilica of St. Peter in Vincoli."

**GIRLS.**—There are two kinds of girls. One is the kind that appear best abroad—the girls that are good for balls, rides, parties, visits, &c., and whose chief delight is in such things. The other is the kind that appear best at home—the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining-room, the sick-room, and all the precincts at home. They differ widely in character. One is often a torment at home—the other a blessing. One is a moth, consuming everything about her; the other, a sunbeam, diffusing life and gladness to all around her.

**FROZEN KINDNESS.**—The world is full of kindness that never was spoken, and that is not much better than no kindness at all. The fuel of the stove makes the room warm, but there are great piles of fallen trees lying among rocks on the top of the hill where nobody can get them; these do not make anybody warm. You might freeze to death for want of wood in plain sight of all these trees if you had no means of getting the wood home and making a fire with it. Just so in a family, love is what makes the parents and children, brothers and sisters, happy; but if they take care never to say a word about it, if they keep it a profound secret, as if it were a crime, they will not be much happier than if there was not any love among them; the home will seem cold even in summer, and if you live there you will envy the dog when any one calls him "poor fellow."—*Exchange.*

**ADVICE FOR BOYS.**—"You are made to be kind, generous and magnanimous," says Horace Mann. "If there is a boy in school who has a club-foot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game which does not require much running. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lessons."

**SLAVERY AND CALVINISM.**—In New Jersey, for instance, which has been from the earliest times up to this day the great stronghold of Calvinism, and which contains the great Calvinist seminary of Princeton, abolitionists were, down to the outbreak of the war, almost unknown, the pro-slavery spirit was fierce and bitter, and the State law permitted slaveholders to bring their slaves with them into the State and keep them there for

an indefinite length of time, provided they formed no permanent domicile in it. Massachusetts, on the other hand, the most heterodox of all the States, has also been the foremost opponent of slavery. New York, which from the first has been largely Episcopalian, has been somewhat lukewarm, but, when it began to lean at all, leaned strongly to freedom. Connecticut, of all the New England States, has always been that which has displayed most rigid devotion to the ancient ways in religion—the only one, I may say, on which Unitarianism has never been able to make any impression; and it is also that in which anti-slavery men have had to fight their hardest battles, in which they still find it most difficult to hold their ground, and in which the prejudice against negroes has been strongest and most implacable.—*Daily News.*

**LINCOLN'S "LITTLE SERMON."**—Abraham Lincoln was a good man. He was a man of experience. In his younger years he was thrown into rough society, where he saw much drunkenness, immorality, and heard much profanity. All these things he learned were injurious, and hence when he got to be a man and had a family of children, he was in the habit of preaching to them what he called his *little sermon*. Here it is:—"My boys, don't drink, don't smoke, don't chew, don't swear, don't gamble, don't lie, don't cheat; love your fellow-men as well as God; love truth, love virtue, and be happy."

**POLITENESS COSTS NOTHING.**—A polite young man gave up his seat at the Paris opera to a wealthy old party, who soon died and remembered the courtesy to the amount of 100,000 francs.

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